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Profitable Meditations ;

A POEM WRITTEN BY

JOHN BUNYAN,

WHILST CONFINED IN BEDFORD JAIL.

NOW FIRST REPRINTED FROM A UNIQUE COPY DISCOVERED

BY THE PUBLISHER, AND EDITED WITH

INTRODUCTION AND

NOTES BY

GEORGE OFFOR.



LONDON :

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTON, PICCADILLY.

1860.





JOHN BUNYAN'S CONFERENCE BETWEEN CHRIST AND A SINNER.

A POEM WRITTEN IN PRISON, 1661.

INTRODUCTION.

HE well-known voice of John Bunyan, the prince of allegorists, salutes us in very homely but pungent rhymes, upon the most important of all subjects, the Salvation of an Immortal Soul. Shut up in prison for proclaiming divine truth, through having, *unlicenced by the state*, enforced the necessity of personal holiness, proving that obedience to the laws of God is essential to human happiness ; solemn duties which were then deemed to be crimes worthy of imprisonment, transportation, and death.

The restoration of a licentious monarch opened the flood-gates of vice and profaneness. A voluptuous court, full of splendid courtesans, set a baneful example to the people. In addition to the natural enmity of fallen man to the gospel, all pious men were now branded as republicans, and most unjustly treated as enemies to monarchy.

The sabbaths were spent in profaneness and vulgar sports by royal command ; the inhabitants of the villages and country towns were invited, by ringing the bells of the

parish churches, to join in May-games, dancing, and similar recreations. With such a commencement of the week it may very readily be imagined that the ordinary days were spent in labour and licentiousness. In the midst of all this Vanity Fair there were found a seed to serve God. This excited the enmity of the seed of the serpent. Godly ministers were silenced, ejected from their livings, imprisoned, banished, or murdered as felons for nonconformity.

Bunyan had been for some years distinguished for his conversion from most degraded habits to piety and holiness of conduct,—for his surprizing knowledge of the sacred Scriptures,—for his zeal for the honour of the Gospel,—and his successful exertions for the salvation of sinners.

He had been for several years sent, by the church of which he was a member, as a messenger of mercy to the villages round Bedford; and had founded many churches which flourish to this day. Upon the fierce outbreak of wickedness and persecution these little inoffensive flocks were driven to meet in private houses, secluded barns, or wild woods. The peculiar talent, the unspotted life, and the mental courage of Bunyan eminently fitted him to comfort his brethren in tribulation. He opened to them the “unsearchable riches of Christ,”—“the come and welcome to Jesus Christ,”—“the greatness of the soul, and the unspeakableness of the loss of it,”—“the holy city and its eternal extatic enjoyments, from which no human power could disinherit them,” and “the Pilgrim’s Progres to the Celestial City.”*

* The title to some of his sermons preached in prison.

While in the enjoyment of liberty he maintained his family by his trade as a brazier, preaching the gospel free of charge to his hearers. His whole conduct, talents, and disinterested invaluable labours, eminently fitted him for the honour of being the first confessor, worthy of bonds for Christ's sake, in that county.

This singularly talented and energetic man lived through times most eventful. His birth was accompanied by that second Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, wrung from the vacillating Charles;—his death took place at the flight of James, soon followed by the Act of Toleration, then as great an honour as it is now a disgrace to our statutes. The ages preceding his birth exhibited a long-continued, dreary, desolate night of persecution. A glimmer of light had broken through the darkness at the Reformation. The mind, which had been hitherto blinded, when it was visited by the early dawn had scarcely powers to distinguish “men from trees walking.” It slowly gained powers of discrimination, until, under the Protectorate, it became emancipated from the fetters of education, which had been riveted by stringent and sanguinary laws. In the struggle between monarchy and republicanism the people ran wild in their speculations. Questions which had been shut up in impenetrable darkness to laymen were examined with fearless haste and consequent peril.

It has been very generally supposed that because Bunyan was a dissenter therefore he was a republican and an enemy to his king. But the contrary was the fact; his devoted loyalty to monarchy, in all temporal things, is sprinkled throughout his works. He was not a republican,

but a maintainer of royal authority ; his hardy frame and indomitable courage fitted him for military life, and before his conversion he was in the royal army, probably one of Rupert's roisterers, but never one of the praying Ironsides. He was at the siege and murderous capture of Leicester, and had a narrow escape of his life ; but that city was not besieged by the republicans, it surrendered to them without a siege, nor was any life lost when it was retaken.

It has grieved some of Bunyan's devoted admirers to find him arrayed with Rupert's dragoons ; but they forget his lines to the reader of “ the Holy War :”—

“ When Mansoul trampled upon things divine,
And wallow'd in filth as doth a swine,
Then I was there and did rejoice to see
Diabolus and Mansoul so agree.”

Such grief is a little like the exclamation of a Roman Catholic lady, who, upon being told that “ our blessed lady ” was a Jewess, swore that she should never like her again as long as she lived.

From the time of Bunyan's conversion he was most strictly moral, well-behaved, and eminently loyal ; to this may be attributed the comparatively kind treatment he experienced under persecution, and even the saving of his life. How strange that such a man should have suffered twelve years' incarceration, in the prime of his life, in a damp miserable prison, under a kingly government, in a country called Christian !

Well may it excite the inquiry, how came you here, honest, pious John Bunyan ? His answer would have been

to this effect: I am a Christian, and I dare not “render unto Cæsar the things that are God’s;” the same cause that plunged the Hebrew youths into the fiery furnace, and hurled Daniel into the lions’ den, has sent me here; but God will watch over and honour me as HE did over them. The history is short and affecting, carrying with it a Christian lesson that should tend to fix our principles. Bunyan was a married man, with a much-loved wife deserving all his affections. He had four children, to whom he was tenderly attached; one of them was deprived of sight. With a most fertile imagination he combined an extraordinary memory, which was a well arranged and immense storehouse of BIBLICAL TRUTHS and of general useful information.

Bunyan’s Apprehension and Committal to Prison.

UPON the 12th Nov. 1660, having promised to preach at the village of Samsell, Justice Wingate issued a warrant to apprehend him. The people met, Bunyan prayed with them, they opened their Bibles, and he directed them to John ix. 35, “Dost thou believe in the Son of God?” intending to show the absolute need of faith in Jesus Christ, and that it was of the highest concern for men to inquire whether they had faith or not. The constable, before he could commence his sermon, ordered him to come down; his answer was, “I must obey God rather than man;” the officer exhibited his warrant, and took hold of his coat; Mr. Bunyan fixed his “sharp quick eye” upon him—the man let go, looked pale, and retired; upon which Bunyan said, “See how this man trembles at the

word of God !” He was allowed to speak a few words to the people of counsel and encouragement, and he then went with the officer. When brought before the justice he anxiously inquired what the meeters did, expecting to hear that they had arms or spoke of treason. Upon being satisfied that it was simply a religious meeting, he was desirous of dismissing the prisoner, but, as he refused any promise of not meeting again for the worship of God, he was committed to prison.

It was a most trying time ; some hours were allowed for reflection ; neighbours tried to persuade him to relinquish preaching and preserve his liberty : but his religious convictions were dearer to him than life itself. He describes his feelings in parting with his family as “ pulling the flesh from the bones.” He was peculiarly distressed on account of his blind daughter : “ Oh, the thoughts of the hardships my poor blind Mary might go under would break my heart in pieces !” In this distress the promise came to his relief, “ Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive ; and let thy widows trust in me.” His integrity triumphed, he forgot his sorrows, his spirit was cheered, the burthen was removed ; and he thus records his feelings : “ Verily, as I was going forth of the doors, I had much ado to forbear saying to them that I carried the peace of God along with me, and, blessed be the Lord, I went away to prison with God’s comfort to my poor soul.”

“ — O happy he who doth possess
Christ for his fellow prisoner, who doth gladden
With heavenly sunbeams goales that are most sad.”

Written by Prynne, on his prison wall in the Tower.

His noble high-minded but modest wife partook of his own energy of character. She appeared before the judges at the assizes, and pleaded his cause with dignified Christian humility. Failing in this, she went to London with a petition to the House of Lords ; and when the king was crowned, and thousands of vagabonds were set at liberty, she strove to obtain his liberation : but, his offence being against the church, it could only be granted by suing out his pardon at a far greater sum than his friends could raise. Had he been set at liberty he probably would have returned immediately to his habit of preaching, and his life might have been placed in greater peril.

Doubtless his pious wife returned to the prison with the bitterest feelings, believing that it would be the tomb of her beloved husband ! How natural for the distressed, insulted wife to have written harsh things against the judge ! She could not have conceived that, under the stately robes of Hale, there was a heart affected by Divine love. And when the nobleman afterwards met the despised tinker and his wife, on terms of perfect equality, clothed in more glorious robes in the mansions of the blessed, how inconceivable their surprise ! It must have been equally so with the learned judge, when, in the pure atmosphere of heaven, he found that the illiterate tinker, harassed by poverty and imprisonment, produced books the admiration of the world. As Dr. Cheever eloquently writes :—“ How little could he dream, that from that narrow cell in Bedford jail a glory would shine out, illustrating the grace of God, and doing more good to man, than all the prelates and judges of the kingdom would accomplish.”

Bunyan's Prison Life.

His great concern now was by humble submission to the Divine will to glorify his heavenly Father ; his first and prayerful object was to levy a tax upon his affliction, and to endeavour to draw honey from the carcasses of the lion. Three important duties pressed upon him,—to cherish pure religion in his soul, to provide for his family, and to prepare himself for further sufferings. Not all the craft and subtlety of wicked men and devils could chain his free spirit, or shut the gates of heaven against his intellectual communion with God. The study of his Bible, and the extreme uncertainty of life, kept him, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, in constant intercourse with the invisible eternal world. Thus his prison became his Bethel—the house of God—the very gate of heaven.

In his prison thoughts he thus rejoices :—

“ My feet upon Mount Sion stand.”

“ For though men keep my outward man
Within their locks and bars,
Yet by the faith of Christ I can
Mount higher than the stars.”

“ Here come the angels, here come saints,
Here comes the Spirit of God,
To comfort us in our restraints,
Under the wicked's rod.”

“ We change our droffy dust for gold,
From death to life we fly :
We let go shadows, and take hold
Of Immortality.”

Among other great favours he was permitted to have

his Bible and “ Fox’s Book of Martyrs,”* with pens and ink. Much of his time was spent in prayer, meditation, and searching the Scriptures; some portion in tagging laces, sold by his children and friends to provide a scanty maintenance, aided also by the sale of poems and tracts which he composed. We have the testimony of two of his friends, who were visitors to him in the prison, and for a short time fellow prisoners, that, during his imprisonment he wrote several excellent and useful treatises, particularly “ The Holy City,” “ Christian Behaviour,” “ The Resurrection of the Dead,” “ Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners,” the most surprising narrative of a new birth that has ever been printed; and his friend Charles Doe states that, of his own knowledge, in prison Bunyan wrote “ THE PILGRIM’S PROGRESS,” which he had from his own mouth. Well might Doe say, “ What hath the devil or his agents got by putting our great gospel minister in prison?” They prevented his preaching to a few poor rustic pilgrims in the villages round Bedford, and it was the means of spreading his fame, and the knowledge of the gospel, throughout the world. The “ Pilgrim’s Progress” is an imperishable monument to the folly and wickedness of persecution to prevent the spread of religious principles. From a narrow cell in Bedford gaol a glory shone out which has illuminated the world, and aided in overthrowing the kingdom of Satan—a kingdom of darkness, of bigotry, and of intolerance.

Although warned by his judges “ not to speak irrever-

* Now in Bedford Town Library.

rently of the Book of Common Prayer, under the severest penalties, yet, while completely in their power, from their gaol he felt it his duty to send forth a fearless treatise on “Praying with the Spirit,” condemning all set forms of prayer in public worship.

From his prison **TEN** books, the production of his pen, were known to have emanated; and to these we now add **SOME SMALL POEMS** which escaped all the diligent researches of the editors of his works. None of the great effects of his imaginative mind are to be found in these little poems. Published to provide a scanty means of existence for his family, all his effort was to fix upon the memory of his reader the uncertainty of life, the solemnities of the world to come, and the only hope of solid happiness, here and in eternity, by faith in Christ, and unhesitating obedience to his gospel.

With a slight effort of the imagination we may picture to ourselves the humble, pious, and high-spirited wife, after vainly but powerfully pleading for her husband's liberty with the judges of the land, going or sending her children to her Christian neighbours, and by their aid extending the sale of the unpretending poems, “**A CONFERENCE BETWEEN CHRIST AND A SINNER**,” by the sale of which means were provided for prolonging the life of the immortal author of the “**Pilgrim's Progress**,” and “**Holy War**,” and of furnishing daily bread to his family. These circumstances render this little volume most deeply interesting. Those readers who, like the editor, carefully examine every Scripture reference will feel their peculiar power to impress upon the soul the vast importance of eternal realities.

“ Take none offence, Friend, at my method here,
'Cause thou in verses simple truth dost see,
But to them soberly incline thine ear,
And with THE TRUTH ITSELF affected be.”

Having attained his first object, the means of humble maintenance for his family, these loose sheets were soon worn out and destroyed ; nor were they republished, their place being supplied by his poems on similar subjects. Every trace of them was obliterated, until a copy preserved in a volume of tracts fell into the hands of the publisher, who, out of respect to the author's memory, and to gratify the wishes of his numberless admirers, has republished these practical fugitive poems.

The pious resignation of the author to a dreary and most unjust imprisonment is perfectly manifest ; he betrayed no impatience, no anger, no fear, but devoted all his powers to arouse his fellow sinners to a sense of their danger. He contemplated all the horrors of transportation, or an ignominious death, with the most singular resignation. “ I have reasoned about the fore estate of a banished and exiled condition—exposed to hunger, to cold, to peril, to nakedness, and a thousand calamities ; and at last, it may be, to die in a ditch like a poor forlorn desolate sheep : but, I thank God, these delicate reasonings have not moved me.”—“ This lay much upon my spirits that my imprisonment might end at the gallows—oft I was as if I was on a ladder with the rope about my neck—only this was some encouragement unto me to speak my last words to the multitude who would come to see me die, and if by these God would but convert one soul I shall not count my life thrown away.” The prison

sheltered him during the hottest season of the persecution, under which the Quakers and other Dissenters most severely suffered.

The clerk of the peace, Mr. Cobb, was sent by the justices to persuade him to conform, and had a very long and interesting conference with him in the prison. This shows that the magistrates were well convinced that he was a leader in nonconformity, who, if brought over, would afford them a signal triumph. In fact, he was called, by a beneficed clergyman, "the most notorious schismatic in all the county of Bedford." It is perhaps to the arguments of Cobb that he refers in his "Advice to Sufferers." "The wife of the bosom lies at him, saying, O do not cast thyself away; if thou takest this course, what shall I do? Thou hast said thou lovest me; now make it manifest by granting this my *small* request—Do not still remain in thine integrity. Next to this come the children, which are like to come to poverty, to beggary, to be undone, for want of wherewithal to feed, and clothe, and provide for them for time to come. Now also come kindred, and relations, and acquaintance; some chide, some cry, some argue, some threaten, some promise, some flatter, and some do all to befool him for so unadvised an act, as to cast away himself, and to bring his wife and children to beggary for such a thing as religion. These are sore temptations."

The Christian world is indebted to Dr. Cheever for a beautiful picture of Bunyan's devotional exercise in his cell. "It is evening; he finishes his work, to be taken home by his dear blind child. He reads a portion of Scripture, and, clasping her small hands in his, kneels on

the cold stone floor, and pours out his soul to God ; then, with a parting kiss, dismisses her to her mother. The rude lamp glimmers on the table ; with his Bible, pen, and paper, he writes as though joy did make him write. His face is lighted as from the radiant jasper walls of the celestial city. He clasps his hands, looks upward, and blesses God for his goodness. The last you see of him—is alone, kneeling on the prison floor ; he is alone with God.”

Charles Doe, who manifested most laudable anxiety to hand down the works of Bunyan to posterity, bears honourable testimony to his conduct while in prison. “ It was by making him a visit in prison that I first saw him, and became acquainted with him ; and I must profess I could not but look upon him to be a man of an excellent spirit, zealous for his Master’s honour, and cheerfully committing all his own concerns unto God’s disposal. When I was there, there were about sixty dissenters besides himself there, taken but a little before at a religious meeting at Kais toe, in the county of Bedford ; besides two eminent Dissenting ministers, Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Dun (both very well known in Bedfordshire, though long since with God), by which means the prison was very much crowded ; yet, in the midst of all that hurry which so many new-comers occasioned, I have heard Mr. Bunyan both preach and pray with that mighty spirit of faith and plerophory of divine assistance that has made me stand and wonder.” Here they could sing, without fear of being overheard ; no informers prowling round. The world was shut out ; and, in communion with heaven, they could forget their sorrows, and have a rich foretaste of the

inconceivable glory of the celestial city. It was under such circumstances that Bunyan preached one of his most remarkable sermons, afterwards published under the title of "The Holy City or the New Jerusalem, 1665." "Upon a certain first-day, being together with my brethren in our prison-chamber, they expected that, according to our custom, something should be spoken out of the Word for our mutual edification. I felt myself, it being my turn to speak, so empty, spiritlefs, and barren, that I thought I should not have been able to speak among them so much as five words of truth with life and evidence. At last I cast mine eye upon this prophecy, when, after considering awhile, methought I perceived some thing of that jasper in whose light you find this holy city descended; wherefore, having got some dim glimmering thereof, and finding a desire to see farther thereinto, I with a few groans did carry my meditations to the Lord Jesuſ for a blessing, which he did forthwith grant, and helping me to set before my brethren, we did all eat, and were well refreshed; and behold, also, that while I was in the distributing of it, it so increased in my hand, that of the fragments that we left, after we had well dined, I gathered up this basketful. Wherefore, setting myself to a more narrow search, through frequent prayer, what first with doing, and then with undoing, and after that with doing again, I thus did finish it." To this singular event the religious public are indebted for one of Bunyan's ablest treatises, full of the striking sparkles of his extraordinary imagination. It was a subject peculiarly adapted to display his powers—the advent of New Jerusalem, her impregnable walls and gates of precious stones, golden

streets, water of life, temple, and the redeemed from all nations flocking into it.

Bunyan's popularity and fame for wisdom and knowledge had spread all round the country, and it naturally brought him visitors, with their doubts, and fears, and cases of conscience. Among these a singular instance is recorded in the "Life of Badman":—"When I was in prison," says the narrator, "there came a woman to me that was under a great deal of trouble. So I asked her, she being a stranger to me, what she had to say to me? She said she was afraid she should be damned. I asked her the cause of those fears. She told me that she had, some time since, lived with a shopkeeper at Wellingborough, and had robbed his box in the shop several times of money, and pray, says she, tell me what I shall do? I told her I would have her go to her master, and make him satisfaction. She said she was afraid lest he should hang her. I told her that I would intercede for her life, and would make use of other friends to do the like; but she told me she durst not venture that. Well, said I, shall I send to your master, while you abide out of sight, and make your peace with him before he sees you? and with that I asked her master's name. But all she said in answer to this was, pray let it alone till I come to you again. So away she went, and neither told me her master's name nor her own; and I never saw her again." He adds, "I could tell you of another, that came to me with a like relation concerning herself, and the robbing of her mistress."

How different the conduct of Bunyan to that of papists and puseyites in similar cases!

While busily occupied in prison with his “Grace Abounding” and “Pilgrim’s Progress,” he wrote a poetical epistle in answer to the kind inquiries of his numerous friends and visitors. After thanking them for counsel and advice, he describes his feelings in prison. His feet stood on Mount Zion; his body within locks and bars, while his mind was free to study Christ, and elevated higher than the stars. Their fetters could not tame his spirit, nor prevent his communion with God. The more his enemies raged, the more peace he experienced. In prison he received the visits of saints, of angels, and the Spirit of God. “I have been able to laugh at destruction, and to fear neither the horse nor his rider. I have had sweet sights of the forgiveness of my sins in this place, and of my being with Jesus in another world.”

At length the king was reminded by a Quaker that he had assisted his majesty’s escape to France, after the defeat at Worcester, by carrying him ashore at Fecamp on his shoulders. Upon this he released many hundreds of the society of friends from imprisonment, and allowed Bunyan’s name to be numbered with them. During his confinement he was elected pastor of the church at Bedford, and before his release he received a royal permission or licence to preach, and he became for popularity and usefulness the Spurgeon of his day.

Reader, it will be asked, why, while we are in the enjoyments of the blessings of toleration should the sufferings of our fathers in the faith be so prominently portrayed? It is to press on the happy time when toleration shall be denounced—when **RELIGIOUS LIBERTY**, for which the Christian pants, shall be obtained,—when the state shall

equally patronise and cherish all good citizens of every sect,—when that abomination of desolations, the arming of one favourite sect with power to oppress, and haughtily to tyrannize over all their fellow-Christians, shall cease; a power known by its ever being accompanied with hypocrisy, persecution, and misery. When the saints of God shall enter upon their eternal Hosannas, and the personal presence of the Most High shall absorb their whole powers and all their holy feelings; then may be committed to eternal oblivion all the hideous cruelties through which have passed those “of whom the earth was not worthy.”

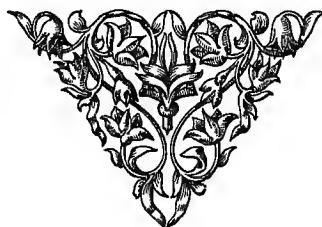
GEORGE OFFOR.

Hackney, May, 1860.

PROFITABLE
MEDITATIONS,
Fitted to Mans Different Condition.
IN A
CONFERENCE
BETWEEN
CHRIST and a SINNER.

In Nine PARTICULARS.

By *John Bunyan*, Servant to the Lord JESUS.



LONDON,
Printed for *Francis Smith*, at the sign of the *Elephant and Castle*,
without *Temple-Bar*. (1661.)



THE CONTENTS.

HERE is in this small Piece these following things discoursed,

1. *Of Man by Nature.*
2. *Of the Sufferings of Christ.*
3. *Of the Saints or Church.*
4. *A Discourse between Satan and a tempted Soul.*
5. *A Discourse between Christ and a Sinner.*
6. *A Discourse between Christ and a doubting Soul.*
7. *A Discourse between Death and a Sinner.*
8. *A Discourse between Death and a Saint.*
9. *A Discourse of the Day of Judgement, both with the Godly and Ungodly.*





TO THE READER.

TAKE none offence, Friend, at my method here,
Cause thou in Verses simple Truth dost see :
But to them soberly incline thine ear,
And with the Truth itself affected be.

Deut. xxxi. v. 19,
22, and 30.

'Tis not the Method, but the Truth alone,
Should please a Saint, and mollify his heart :
Truth in or out of Metre is but one ;
And this thou know'st, if thou a Christian art.

You also that content yourselves to see
Man's Wit in verses, and no further look :
You will not by them edified be ;
You see only the outside of the Book.

Man's heart is apt in Metre to delight,
Also in that to bear away the more :
This is the cause I here in Verses write,
Therefore affect* this Book, and read it o're.

* Affect, to prize, to endeavour after. *Obsolete.*

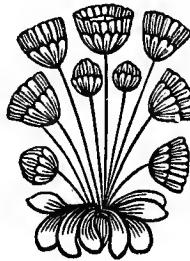
To the Reader.

When Doctors give their Physic to the Sick,
They make it pleasing with some other thing :
Truth also by this means is very quick,
When men by Faith it in their hearts do sing.

I am thine in Christ,

John Bunyan of Bedford.

*A 23 rafter
now in prison
in Bedford 1664*





Profitable Meditations.

I. OF MAN BY NATURE.

1.

THAT Man is blind, that doth not plainly see,
The woe that Sin doth bring upon the soul :
And yet thus blind the most of Sinners be,
The case is plain, their hearts for Heav'n are
cool.

Mat. xi. 25.
Mat. vii. 14.

II.

For I see plainly, if Man did but know
What Wrath and Vengeance hangeth o're his head ;
He then would fly from Sin his mortal Foe,
Rather than have his part among the Dead.

Psal. iii.
Psal. lxxx.

III.

But here, alas ! the Devil with his Wit,
Doth out go Sinners, to their mortal woe ;
And with his Snares he doth so catch their feet,
That they with joy unto his place do go.

Prov. v. 6.
2 Cor. iv. 4.

IV.

Deut. xxxii. 6.
Jer. iv. 22.
Eph. iv. 18.

'Tis marvellous to see that Man, so wise
And noble by Creation, as is he,
Should in this manner let Sin blind his eyes,
That neither Heaven nor Hell he well can see.

V.

Jer. 1. 38.
Luke xxi. 35.
Mat. xxiv. 39.

But like one blind, or mad, or worse, he runs
At Satan's beck, to his perpetual shame :
Till into ruin headlong down he comes,
Into the fearful Fire, and endless Flame.

VI.

Jam. iii. 7.
1 Cor. ii. 8.
1 Cor. i. 21.

When Man doth study of things here below,
What pretty Arts will he invent in time ?
He'l find out much, and do it neatly to ;
But yet he doth not see the Gospel shine.

VII.

Rom. i. 19, 20.
Job v. 34.
Rom. ii. 17—22.

Oh 'tis a shame for thee, who know'st so much
Of God, by Creatures, Scriptures, Mercies great ;
To let thy Conversation be such,
That God must with his stripes thee soundly beat.

VIII.

Isa. i. 3.
Jer. viii. 7.

The Ox is wiser in his kind than thee,
For he doth make his Masters Crib his Choice :
Condemned by him therefore thou may'st be,
For he, not thee, obeys his Masters Voice.

IX.

But what's the reason Man should be so vain,
To disregard himself, and glory, so ?
The reason is, he doth not feel the pain,
That for his sins he shortly must come to.

Prov. vii. 21, 22.

X.

He doth not really believe the Word,
That God hath spoken against sinful men :
For if he did, 'twould pierce him like a Sword,
'Tis Christ in whom he would seek to stand then.

Job v. 38, 40.
Acts iii. 37.
Acts xvi. 30, 31.

XI.

Also he of his Soul knows not the worth ;
For if he did, he would be wiser, than
To tell it : But to Christ he would come forth,
And close with Him that proffers Grace to men.

Mark viii. 36, 37.
2 Cor. vi. 17.
Prov. ix. 1—4.

XII.

Awake, therefore, thou Fool, and lay to heart
Thy latter end, and stir thee timely too ;
Get Heav'n, and thou wilt play a wise man's part
Or else not I, but thou shalt feel the woe.

Eph. v. 14.
Deut. xxxii. 29.

II. OF THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

xiii.

Ezek. xvi. 6—8.

 HE God of Grace beholding Man so vile,
To tumble in his gore and wicked vice,
Did yet vouchsafe upon poor man to smile,
And buy him to Himself with heav'nly price.

1 Cor. vi. 20.

xiv.

Isa. lvii. 15.

Psal. viii. 4.

'Tis wonderful to think that God on high
Should set on man so much his Heav'nly Love :
That for him he should give his Christ to die,
To bring his Soul from Hell to Heaven above.

Gen. vi. 5—7.

1 Pet. ii. 24.

Mark xiv. 34.

xv.

When man had made of Sin an heap so great
And weighty, that it made the world to quake :
God did his Son Christ with this burthen break,
Which made his very Soul and body shake.

Isa. liii. 5, 10.

Isa. lii. 14.

xvi.

For why, the weight of Sin which he did bear
What time he in our stead stood before God :
It did his Precious Soul and Body tear,
Because his Father Scourg'd him with his Rod.

XVII.

The Wicked Sin'd, the Just did bear the blame,
Here is the Myst'ry of the Gospel-love :
That Christ for us should bear the cursed Shame,
And Wrath (that we deserved) from above.

1 Pet. iii. 18.
Heb. xii. 3.
Eph. i. 8.

XVIII.

The pains he bore were more than we can think
Which by his bloody sweat and wounds we see :
For he the Cup of God's Wrath up did drink,
That he us bondslaves by it might set free.

Luke xxii. 44.
Mat. xxvi. 42.
Gal. iii. 13.

XIX.

Its plain enough, for though he was most strong,
So that he could the World make and uphold :
Yet did our fins this blessed Christ so wrong
That he to death for them sometime was sold.

Heb. i. 3.
1 Cor. xv. 2—5.

XX.

The Rocks did rend, the earth did shake full sore,
The Sun that shone, was all amaz'd to see
The Son of God upon the Cross to roar ;
Which clearly speaks his grief full sad to be.

Mat. xxvii. 51, 52.
Luke xxiii. 44.
Psal. xxii. 1.

XXI.

Besides his Father from him hid his face,
Which most of all did wound his tender heart :
Thus was our Christ in miserable case
When he for our accursed Sins did smart.

Mat. xxvii. 46.
1fa. liii. 10.

Prov. x. 23.
Luke xxiii. 46.
John xix. 34.

Isa. liii. 3.
Psal. xxii. 13—17.
Mark xiv. 34.

2 Tim. i. 10.
Heb. ii. 14—16.
Hof. xiii. 14.

1 Cor. iii. 21—23.
Tit. i. 2.
Luke xxii. 30.
Rom. viii. 28.

Rom. viii. 33—35,
&c.

Sweet Jesu though our Sins to us be Light
That we can carry them with pleasure, yet
They made thee groan, and did thee sorely fright,
Before the Spear with thy heart Blood was wet.

Thy sorrows were as great, as great could be,
For all were set against thee for our Sin :
Both Heav'n and Hell, Death, and the Devil, he
Left no means unassay'd thy Soul to win.

But here's thy love, and eke* our comfort great,
Thou didst Triumphant o'ercome them all :
Though in thy work thou hadst a bloody sweat,
Yet thereby we are kept from fatal fall.

Now Heaven and Earth, yea Death and Hell are thine,
To do with them, as thou most wise feest best :
And thou hast promis'd Glory shall be mine,
And all things here shall for thy sake be blest.

Why should I then fear Sin, or Death, or Hell,
Or Wrath, or Devil, with his Firy Darts ?
Let them fear those, who for Sin, Christ do sell, †
And care not for his blood to cleanse their hearts.

* Eke, also ; *obsolete*.

† See Bunyan's extraordinary temptation recorded in his "Grace Abounding," Nos. 133—139.

III. OF THE SAINTS, OR CHURCH.

XXVII.

BY this means is the Sinner made a Saint
And brought from under every curse of God :
Which is the cause his Sinful Soul don't faint,
Though he do feel his Father's scourging Rod.

Rom. iv. 25.

Rom. viii. 32—34.

XXVIII.

Here now with Joy I can behold God's Face,
Though I am vile and base, as base may be :
I am encourag'd in the heav'nly Race,
Because Christ died and spilt his Blood for me.

Rom. v. 1.

Rom. vii. 24.

Rev. i. 17, 18.

XXIX.

If Satan speak of Sin, then here's Christ's Grace ;
If Death, or Hell, or Law doth me affail,
Then to my JESUS I do run apace ;
For he's a Friend that never doth me fail.

Rom. v. 20.

1 Cor. xv. 55, 56.

Heb. xiii. 5.

XXX.

He is become my Righteousness and Life,
His Blood was shed to make me white as Snow ;
By this means also I am made his Wife :
Who then dare hurt me, or become my Foe ?

Phil. iii. 7—9.

Rev. i. 5.

Eph. v. 26—31.

Heb. x. 5.
Phil. iv. 4.
Col. i. 19.

Num. xxiv. 5.
Num. xxiii. 21, 22.
John xvii. 24.

1 Cor. ii. 9.
Hof. xi. 2.
Ifa. lxv. 1.

Eph. ii. 1—3.
1 John iv. 10.
1 Cor. xv. 9.

Deut. vii. 7.
Deut. ix. 5.
Rom. v. 8.

XXXI.

And this is not against his Father's Will,
But his Consent in this doth also run :
Therefore of Joy I now may take my fill ;
For it hath pleas'd him that this should be done.

XXXII.

But am not I in case most excellent,
Who have this blessed Peace in Christ my Lord ?
His tender Love on me is so much bent,
That he to me will Heav'n and Life afford.

XXXIII.

O Lord I never thought on this rich Grace,
When I in Wickednes did spend my time ;
For then I was still running from thy Face,
And thought not on my own good, much leſſe thine.

XXXIV.

But now when I so little did regard,
To fear thy Name, and ask thee for thy Love :
Thou mightſt for Sin have giv'n me that Reward,
As ne'er to let me come to Heaven above.

XXXV.

But though ſo gracious thou haſt been to me,
It is not for my righteousnes ſo good :
But for the love thy Father bears to thee,
That I am waſhed in thy precious Blood.

xxxvi.

I of my self am vile as other men,
Like unto them in heart, and word, and life ;
It must be Grace that justifies me then,
And sets me blameless in thy heav'nly sight.

Rom. iii. 9.
Rom. vii. 18.
Eph. ii. 8. and v.
25—27.

xxxvii.

Seing 'tis thus, Lord, let my Soul enjoy
Thy blessed Spirit of Grace, and Faith, and Love .
O let me not thy heav'nly ways annoy,
But take my heart from Earth, to Heav'n above.

Psal. xxv. 1, 4.
Psal. li. 10.
Psal. lx. 5.
Luke xii. 34.

xxxviii.

Thus am I fair, though also very black ;
Fair in my Christ, though black in Nature's deed :
And I, though vile, no Righteousness do lack,
For Christ is mine, to help me at my need.

Cant. i. 5.
Ezek. xvi. 14.
Cant. vi. 3.

xxxix.

Now then, if Jesus Christ stands, so shall I ;
For he is my Compleatness all the day :
I'le look no further, here I'le live and die ;
Come Death or Judgment, CHRIST wil ne'er decay.

John xiv. 19.
Col. ii. 10.
John vi. 40.

XL.

Though many times I cause my *Christ* to hide
His face ; yet he'll not leave me in my doubt,
But still my Help and Friend he will abide ;
And when I'm lost, he'l seek and find me out.

Psal. cvii. 17.
Psal. xxx. 5—7.
Psal. xxxi. 22.

Zech. xii. 8.

Rev. i. 17.

Heb. xii. 12.

Isa. xli. 10.

Micah vii. 8.

XL I.

This is the state of Saints, both weak and strong,
 They have this Help, this Profit, and this Stay :
 For Christ doth walk his Candlesticks among,
 To keep his Weak-ones, lest they pine away.

XL II.

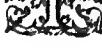
Hold up thy head therefore, thou doubting Saint,
 Thy tender-hearted Christ is very sweet ;
 His loving-kindness will not let thee faint ;
 Look else upon his side, his hands and feet.

IV. A DISCOURSE BETWEEN SATAN AND THE
 TEMPTED SOUL.*

Jer. iii. 3.

Jer. vi. 15.

XL III.

Sat.  HOU wretch, how dar’st thou once lift up
 thy head ?
 Look to thy life that’s past, and blush for
 shame :
 You may presume, but yet your heart is dead,
 And may beguile yourself with Christ his Name.

* Bunyan is peculiarly rich in these mental dialogues. See Pilgrim’s battle with Apollion, and “The Jerusalem Sinner Saved.”

XLIV.

Soul. I know I am as base as base may be,
My fins are mighty, and my heart is hard :
But yet my *Jesus* saith he will save me,
And therefore I will not thy rage regard.

1 Tim. i. 15, 16.

Psal. cvii. 12.

Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26.

XLV.

Sat. God saith the Wicked he will damn for aye,*
He is so holy, and they are so bad :
'Tis but in vain that thou to him shouldst pray,
Believe me, there's no Mercy to be had.

Psal. ix. 17.

Hab. i. 13.

XLVI.

Soul. The Scripture saith Christ bled for sinners great,
To save them from their Sins, the Law and Hell—
His Flesh and Blood, by Faith I'll drink and eat,
And trust by Mercy yet I shall do well.

Eph. i. 7.

Eph. ii. 13.

1 John i. 8.

XLVII.

Sat. Thou painted Hypocrite how dar'st thou think
Of Mercy? don't thy heart thy mouth condemn?
Thou may'st at Sin now, like a Rebel wink ;
But Death is coming, what wilt thou do then?

Rom. iii. 12.

Rom. iii. 23.

Job viii. 13.

XLVIII.

Soul. God knows, my Sins have reach'd unto the cloud,
Sins of all sorts, as thou dost truly say :
But since the Blood of Christ doth cry so loud,
I fear not but they shall be done away.

Jam. ii. 10.

Heb. xii. 14.

Mic. vii. 18, 19.

* "For aye," for ever—*obsolete*.

XLIX.

Eph. i. 13, 14.
John vi. 45.
Gal. vi. 3.

Sat. But where's thine Evidence for Heav'n? thou fool!
How can'st thou tell the work of Grace is true?
Waft ever taught by God in Christ his School?
If not, for all thy brags thy Soul must rue.

L.

Psal. xxxviii. 3, 4.
Jer. xxxi. 9.
Psal. xxxviii. 6.

Soul. I have been made to see my sins most vile,
And to abhor them also with my heart:
And this frame I was in a pretty while,
And for them God hath made me soundly smart.

LI.

Gen. iv. 13.
Mat. xxvii. 3.
John xvii. 12.

Sat. If this be all, then hear me what I say,
Thou yet art short of feeling saving-grace:
For thus were *Cain* and *Judas* in their day,
And yet, thou knowst, were banisht from his face.

LII.

John vi. 51, 52.
Rom. v. 5.
Cant. ii. 14.
Psal. cxvi. 7.

Soul. But I have tasted of his heav'nly Love,
Which he hath shed abroad within my heart:
And he hath said to me, I am his Dove,
And this hath rid me of my guilt and smart.

LIII.

Heb. vi. 4—6.
Gal. iv. 15.
Luke xiii. 26, 27.

Sat. But yet you know that men may tast of this,
So as to wonder at the blessedness;
How know you therefore but yet you may misse,
And undergo God's justice ne'ertheleſs.

LIV.

Soul. God hath confirm'd me more than once or twice
By several blessed Promises of his :
And warm'd my heart, when 'twas as cold as Ice,
Therefore I hope I shall enjoy his bliss.

² Tim. iv. 17, 18.

¹ Sam. xvii. 37.

² Pet. i. 4.

LV.

Sat. But tell me plainly, ha'n't ye* quench't your light,
And knowingly fin'd against the Lord of Host ?
If so ; for all you are at such a height,
You may have fin'd against the Holy Ghost.

Heb. x. 26.

Heb. xii. 17.

Luke xii. 47.

LVI.

Soul. Now *Satan*, you have touch't me at the quick,
For many sins I fin against my Light :
But yet this don't my spirit greatly prick,
For Christ his *Blood* is still within my fight.

Psal. li. 4.

Rom. vii. 15.

Jonah i. 2, 3.

Jonah ii. 4, 7.

LVII.

Sat. Though Christ his Blood was shed for Sinners great,
Yet seeing thou hast fin'd as thou hast said ;
Thou must not dare of Christ his Flesh to eat,
'Tis not for thee, thou well mayst be afraid.

Heb. x. 26, 27.

Mat. xii. 32.

Heb. vi. 6.

LVIII.

Soul. If all that fin'd against their Light, did fin
Against the Holy Ghost, as thou doft say :
What cafe was *Peter* then and *David* in ?
For, by your faying, they were cast away.

² Sam. xi. 4.

Mat. xxvi. 47.

* " Ha'n't ye," contraction of " have you not."

LIX.

2 Sam. xxiii. 5.
Mat. xix. 28.

Sat. But God chose them before the World began,
And so thou canst not say he hath done thee :
And therefore it is but a folly, man,
To strive against the stream ; y'are gone you see.

LX.

Luke xv. 18, 19.

Job xiii. 15.
John xv. 16.

Soul. These men committed Sin as well as I,
Why therefore should I be discourag'd so ?
I'le flee to Jesu Christ, I can but die ;
That Grace that saved them will save me too.

LXI.

2 Sam. xii. 13.
1 Pet. ii. 24.
Luke xxii. 32.

Sat. But they had heav'nly Pardon from their God,
And that too, after they had sin'd so sore :
And so were saved, though they were so bad,
But thou poor simple wretch art in thy gore.

LXII.

Psal. cxvi. 1—3.
Psal. cviii. 13.
Hof. xiv. 4.

Soul. I bleſſ the Name of Christ my dearest Lord,
For all I have thus finned in his sight,
He doth his Comforts still to me afford,
And pardoneth my Sins against my Light.

LXIV.*

Mat. iv. 6.
Gen. iii. 4.

Sat. But how can you tell that your Comfort comes
From God ? for I can mock you with a word :
And yet you shall not get so much as crums
From Christ, to feed you underneath his board.

* LXIII. is omitted in the original.

LXV.

Soul. Thou art indeed a cunning Devil, yet
Thou shalt not beat me from my steadfast Faith :
For Christ into his heart will let me get,
So can I tell thee what my Jesus faith.

2 Cor. ii. 11.
1 Pet. v. 8, 9.
Jam. iv. 7, 8.

LXVI.

Sat. Your Faith is Fansy, like the Spider's web,
You cheat yourself in saying you have Grace :
Come down to Hell, man, for there is your ebb,
And give way to despair ; for there's your case.*

Gal. vi. 3.
Rev. iii. 1.
Rev. iii. 17.

LXVII.

Soul. Methinks I see my loving Jesus smile,
He shows me now his blessed hands and feet :
And gives me comfort with his Word so mile :†
The bitter's thine, but I must have the sweet.

John xx. 27.
Luke xxiv. 39.
John xiv. 26, 27.

LXVIII.

Sat. How dost thou know thou shalt hold out to th' last ?
Thine heart is weak and that thou knowst full well :
Ile follow thee with many [a] cursed blast,‡
But I will make thee tumble down to Hell.

Rev. ii. 11.
Mat. xxiv. 13.
Ezek. xviii. 24.
Rev. iii. 1.

* See dialogue between Giant Despair and the pilgrims in Doubting Castle.—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

† “Mile ;” a poetic licence to make the word “mild” rhyme with “smile.” See also verse 88.

‡ The Scripture references exhibit the malignant ingenuity of Satan. Each of his hellish darts are dipt with appropriate portions of holy writ ; well may they be called “fiery darts.”

LXIX.

Soul. My Christ is now in Heav'n at God's right hand
And maketh Intercession there for me,
So that I fear not but he'l make me stand ;
For by him I shall triumph over thee.

LXXX.

Besides, I find he hath engag'd my heart
Unto his fear. O blessed be his Name :
He tells me also he will take my part,
Also his Grace shall be to me the same.

LXXI.

Sat. I'le follow thee with fire, and eke with fword,
Thou shalt have all the World against thee set :
I know no favour that ilk* thee afford ;
I'le use all means to catch thee in my Net.

LXXII.

Soul. He that hath set his Love upon me now,
Will always keep me with his tender eye ;
Thou also knowst thine head hath he made bow ;
This is he, in whose bosom I must lie.

LXXIII.

Depart thou cursed Dragon from mine heart,
The Blood and Death of Christ hath broke thy
strength ;
For he and I shall meet, and never part,
When thou in Hell for aye† must fry at length.

* “ Ilk,” Saxon word, “ also,” “ likewise”—*obsolete*.

† “ For aye,” for ever.

V. A DISCOURSE BETWEEN CHRIST AND A
SINNER.

LXXIV.

Chr. **P**OOR Sinner, hear me, I thee Tidings bring,
I say 'tis Tidings of the greatest worth :
Look up, man, here's the excellenteſt thing,
E'en Heav'n, if from thy fins thou wilt come forth.

Prov. viii. 1—4.
Acts xiii. 22.
Prov. viii. 11.
Job xii. 26.

LXXV.

Sin. Thy Mercy, Lord, I do accept, as mine,
Thy Grace is free, and that thy Word doth say :
And I will turn to thee another time,
Hereafter, Lord, when 'tis my dying day.

Deut. xxix. 19.
Rom. iii. 24.
Luke xiv. 18, 19.

LXXVI.

Chr. My Mercy's thine, if thou wilt it embrace,
It comes unto thee in my Crimson Wounds ;
Take heed thou do not from it turn thy face,
And so thy share be not in Mercy's bounds.

Heb. xi. 13; Eph.
i. 7.
Acts xiii. 40, 41.

LXXVII.

Sin. I fear not but thy Love I shall obtain,
Though I with Sin be ſtill in hearty love :
I need not yet forſake my worldly gain,
'Tis *Grace*, not *Works*, that brings to Heav'n above.

Rom. iii. 18.
Deut. xxix. 19.
1 Tim. vi. 5, 6.
Eph. ii. 8, 9.

Gal. iii. 13.
Hof. xiii. 14.
Tit. ii. 11, 12.
1 Pet. ii. 9.

Mat. xix. 22.
Num. xxiii. 10.
Job xx. 12.
Ezek. xxxiii. 31.

Deut. xxxii. 6.
Jer. ii. 11—13.
Heb. v. 7, 8.
Luke xxiv. 38, 39.

Mal. iii. 15.
Jer. viii. 6.
Psal. lxxiii. 5.
Isa. i. 15.

Rom. iii. 11.
Deut. xxxii. 29.
Prov. i. 22.
Eccles. viii. 12, 13.

LXXXVIII.

Chr. When I did hang upon the Cursed Tree,
It was to fave men from the pangs of Hell:
From Sin, both Guilt and Filth, them to set free,
That they in Life and Holines may dwell.

LXXXIX.

Sin. I have a mind to Heav'n, I must confess,
I fear to feel the sore revenging smart;
Yet Sin give me, though Heav'n I have the less;
Take thou my mouth, but let Sin have my heart.

LXXX.

Chr. Is this thy love? Am I no more to thee?
Doth not my bleeding Wounds and Mercies sweet,
My Groans, my Tears, which broke the heart of me
Affect thy heart? behold my Hands and Feet.

LXXXI.

Sin. Here I have ease and pleasure for the flesh,
Here I am sweetly comforted with joy;
I can run every day to sin afresh:
Lord don't, though I love sin, my soul destroy.

LXXXII.

Chr. O man without an understanding heart,
And quite forgetful of thy latter end,
To flight my Mercy is no wise man's part,
'Tis Heav'n, not Hell, at last will stand thy friend.

LXXXIII.

Sin. This World is present, that World is to come,
And I for my part am for present pay.
Take thou all that, give me of this but some,
I will not for thy wages make delay.

Psal. xvii. 14.
Psal. iv. 6.
2 Tim. iv. 10.
2 Kings vi. 33.

LXXXIV.

Chr. What profit wilt thou get by doing thus ?
Dost think twill please thee when thou com'st to die ?
Poor Sinner turn, or thou for Sin wilt blush ;
O flight not me, but from thy evils fly.

Mark viii. 36.
Hof. vii. 14.
Rev. iii. 17.
1 John ii. 28.

LXXXV.

Sin. If I should turn, then I should lose my fame,
My friends and all, which cuts my heart full sore.
But I by this means still keep up my name ;
I'le hold on therefore, trouble me no more.

1 Cor. i. 28.
Mat. xxiv. 9.
John xii. 42, 43.
Zech. vii. 12, 13.

LXXXVI.

Chr. Poor soul ! onethoughtofDeathand Vengeance great,
Will spoil thy name and fame, and glory too :
When for the loss of Mercy thou dost fret ;
Be rul'd then, turn, and save thee from this Woe.

Ezek. xxii. 14.
Prov. xiii. 5.
Luke xiii. 28.
Ezek. xviii. 32.

LXXXVII.

Sin. I have so much employment now, that I
Can't tend it yet, to turn to thee for Grace :
When I feel Death, then to thee I'le fly,
I may repent of Sin in little space.

Luke xiv. 18, 19.

Heb. ii. 3.
2 Cor. vi. 2.
Rom. i. 28—31.
Luke xix. 27.

LXXXVIII.

Chr. If now thou slight me in my Love so mile,
And wilt not have me in my Mercy sweet :
To sin I leave thee, which will thee defile,
And will hereafter slay thee at my feet.

LXXXIX.

Sin. My Work is great, my Time is short also,
My Childrens Portions I have still to get :
The World must be my Friend, and not my Foe ;
I'll come hereafter, though I can't come yet.

The man's a Fool that makes this Plea ;
And yet thus foolish many be.

VI. BETWEEN CHRIST AND THE DOUBTING SOUL.

xc.

Acts ii. 37, xvi. 30.
Rom. vii. 24.
Prov. xxx. 2.
Isa. xxx. 1.



Soul. SAD and heavy heart, and all for Sin,
Oh ! blind and wretched Sinner as I am !
I grieve to think how foolish I have been,
More like a Rebel than a sober man.

xcI.

Job xlii. 6.
Ezek. xvi. 63.
Rev. ii. 17.
Rom. xiv. 9.

Chr. Dost see thy Vileness, and abhor it to ?
Art thou confounded when thou dost it see ?
Come hither Sinner, I thee good will do,
I bled and died, and reviv'd for thee.

xcii.

Soul. Ah dearest Lord, I dare not now presume
To think on Mercy, 'cause I am so vile :
In Justice now my soul thou mayst consume,
My heart is stone, it will not reconcile.

Luke xviii. 13.
Rom. iii. 4.
Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

xciii.

Chr. Poor soul, my bowels yearn, my heart doth move,
I can't forbear, but must embrace thee now :
My Mercy I do give to thee, my Dove ;*
Ben't daunted, I thee pardon will allow.

Jer. xxxi. 18—21.
Isa. xiv. 25.
Isa. xlvi. 12, 13.

xciv.

Soul. My loving Lord, my Sin it is so strong,
And mighty, that it foils me, though I strive
Against it : and I fear 'twill do me wrong,
Oh ! I beseech thee, let my soul revive.

2 Cor. xii. 7, 8.
Rom. vii. 19.
Psal. cxix. 25, 28.

xcv.

Chr. I love thee dearly, groaning heart, I come
With Grace, and Faith, and Love, to lift thee out
Of Sin, and Death, and Hell ; and to my home
I'le have thee. This by Grace I'le bring about.

Isa. lxvi. 2.
Psal. cxvi. 5, 6.
Luke i. 74.
1 Pet. v. 10.

xcvi.

Soul. But Lord, my strength is weak, my heart is sad,
The Devil tells me, he will overthrow
My soul, if so, my case would be most sad,
Let me therefore thy pleasure further know.

Psal. xxii. 6.
Psal. xxxviii. 4.
1 Pet. v. 8.
Psal. xxxv. 3.

* A term of endearment, taken from Canticles ii. 14, v. 2.

xcvii.

Micah vii. 18, 19.
1fa. xli. 10, 13.
Psal. 1. 15.
John x. 28, 29.

Chr. Let not this daunt thee, I have Mercy store,
I will thee hold and help, and strengthen too.
And that thou mightst me for my Love adore,
I'le bring thee safe to Rest from Satan's woe.

xcviii.

Luke v. 8.
Mark viii. 38.
Luke xiii. 27, 28.

Soul. Ah dearest Lord ! dost thou love me so vile,
Artⁿ not ashamed tow'rds me to turn thy face ?
Methinks, to me thou shouldest not reconcile
Thyself, but quite exclude me from thy Grace.

xcix.

Eph. ii. 6, 7.
1 Tim. i. 15, 16.
Psal. lxviii. 18.
Luke xv. 10.

Chr. My Dear, I have design'd to show my Love,
And by this means to get my self a Name :
By making Rebels to become my Dove,
Will make the Angels to extol my Fame.

c.

Psal. cxliv. 15.
Psal. li. 8.
Psal. ciii. 12, 13.
Psal. iv. 3.

Soul. O happy man am I, good Lord, help me
To keep alive these Comforts on my heart :
Sweet JESUS help me to admire Thee,
And set me from the World to come apart.

ci.

2 Chron. xx. 20.
Luke xxiv. 38, 39.
Heb. vii. 25.
Heb. ix. 24.
Rev. ii. 24, 25.

Chr. Believe my Word, and meditate the same :
Look to my Wounds, and know assuredly,
I now in Heav'n make mention of thy name :
Hold fast by me, fear not, thou shalt not die.

CII.

Soul. O Grace most mighty, and exceeding free,
Must I be saved from all evil then ?
Lord make me live a life befitting me,
O Lord for Christ his sake say thou, Amen.

1 Cor. ii. 9.
Titus iii. 5.
Psal. lvi. 13.
Rev. xxii. 20.

VII. A DISCOURSE BETWEEN DEATH AND A
SINNER.

CIV.*

Sin.  AM the man that hath the World at will,
Both House and Land, and Chattel very
much.
Of these things therefore, Soul, take thou thy fill,
There was besides these Sweetnes never such.

Luke xii. 19.
Psal. iv. 6.

CV.
Besides, my Wife and Children very brave,
With Friends and Kindred, also goodly Fare :
I am the man that sweetest pleasures have,
And need not therefore any further care.

Job xxi. 7—13.
Psal. xxxiii. 6, 7.

Dea. Friend, I come for thee, with me thou must go ;
Therefore make hafte, I for thee cannot stay :
The World, thy Friends, no good now can thee do,
Come quickly, therefore, with me go away.

Luke xii. 20.
Ecc. ix. 12.
Job xx. 5.

* Verse ciii. is not in the original.

CVII.

Sin. From whence came you, Sir ? pray keep fingers off,
 Touch not my Beauty, nor my fine array :
 'Tis not the Fever, nor Consumption Cough
 That fears me, I have not liv'd half my day.

CVIII.

Dea. Thou painted brittle Potsherd, fading Grafs,
 I have command to take away thy breath :
 Thou art as brittle as the *Venice Glaſs*,*
 Thy Life I suddenly must turn to Death.

CIX.

Sin. That will I try, call for the Doctor, quick ;
 Give me my Chamber, also Phyſic, ſuch
 As may me help, if once you find me ſick ;
 Though Gold and Silver it doth coſt me much.

CX.

Dea. There's none of these ſhall do thee any good,
 For God hath blaſted them, and therefore come :
 Thou muſt be gone, the Worms do lack their food,
 The Grave and Darkneſs now muſt be thine home.

CXI.

Sin. But pray do me that favour, as to ſtay
 But two years longer ere you ſtop my breath.
 I'le give you Gold, if you'l depart away,
 The World is ſweet, my heart's afraid of Death.

* *Venice Glaſs*—A beaſtiful thin glaſs, delicately ſtreaked with
 colours; the manuſtacture of which was in Bunyan's time limited to Venice.

CXII.

Dea. I know not how to favour such as thee ;
'Tis not thy Gold I care for, Come away :
Look, here's thy Coffin, come along with me,
Thy Glafs is run, thine heart must break to day.

Eccl. viii. 8.

CXIII.

Sin. Alas, I have not made my Peace with God,
'Tis but for time to do that work I pray :
O therefore spare, and do not with your Rod
Strike yet, to turn my body into clay.

Num. xxiii. 10.

CXIV.

Dea. God gave thee time before, how didst it spend ?
Haft fool'd away thy Life, thy Soul and all,
God faith, he will thee time no longer lend,
Before I leave thee, I must see thy fall.

Prov. xvii. 16.

Rev. ii. 21, 22.

CXV.

Sin. O sick at heart ! I pray Sir, hold your hand,
You gripe so hard, my wind is almost gone :
You see my Wife and Children weeping stand,
Oh ! be not merciless, let me alone.

Prov. i. 26—31.

Isa. xiii. 6—8.

CXVI.

Dea. Death is my name, Death is my nature too,
I know no pity, mercy I have none :
'Tis not thy Children's tears, that will me woo,
I come to fetch thee, and thou must be gone.

Ezek. vii. 25.

CXVII.

Sin. Who's that behind thee, Death, pray what's his name?
 His looks are fearful, oh ! he frights me sore.
 And whither will you have me, since you came
 To fetch me hence, where I shall be no more.

CXVIII.

Dea. He that doth stand behind me, is my friend,
 Hell is his name, my brother comes to see
 Me do my work ; and when that's at an end,
 He'l take thee to him, till thou pay thy fee.*

CXIX.

Sin. Oh heavy heart ! I see you'l kill me quite,
 Nay, worse, for now I clearly see my doom :
 I must go where I shall see nought but night,
 Oh sad ! in fire I must have my room.

CXX.

Would God that I had left my sins betime,
 And clos'd with Christ ; but now my day is done.
 What will become of this poor soul of mine ?
 Oh Death and Hell, that I could from you run.

CXXI.

My heart it fails, mine eyes have lost their fight,
 My soul sees fire, and hellish Devils too :
 God fights against me also with his might,
 Oh miserable, sad, and dreadful woe !

* The uttermost farthing—Matt. v. 26.

CXXII.

The World, my Beauty, and my Pleasures great
Have left me quite, and help me not at all :
'Tis not mine heart or tongue that can repeat
The dreadful Dungeon into which I fall.

VIII. A DISCOURSE BETWEEN DEATH AND A
SAINT.

CXXIII.

St.  If I might have my choice, I would be gone
To Paradise among the Saints in Light :
With JESUS also, I would be anon,
For there's my proper place, and purchas'd right.

Phil. i. 23.

2 Cor. v. 8.

Luke ii. 28, 29.

CXXIV.

Dea. Who's that, that is so willing to go hence ?
Thou fool, dost thou know what it is to die ?
If I come, I shall give thee such a wrench,
Will make thee feel't to all Eternity.

CXXV.

St. You talk too fast, Sir, pray begin again,
Do you know JESUS, who the Saviour is ?
'Tis he that bare for me your fearful pain,
And triumphs over you in heav'nly bliss.

Rom. vi. 9.

Heb. vii. 3, 4.

Hof. xiii. 14.

Job xviii. 14.
Zeph. i. 14.
Rev. vi. 15.

1 Cor. xv. 55.
Mat. xxiv. 42.
Col. ii. 14, 15.

Judges xvi. 30.
1 Sam. xxxi. 4.
1 Kings ii. 10.

Job xviii. 13.
Psal. lxviii. 20.

Acts x. 39.
Rom. viii. 34.

cxxxvi.

Dea. I am the King of Terrors, that's my name.
I throw down Kingdoms, none can me withstand :
Both Kings and Princes tremble at my fame,
Thou fall'st when I upon thee lay mine hand.

cxxxvii.

St. O Death, I say to thee, where is thy sting ?
Stir up thy strength, and now make known thy might :
My JESUS hath me underneath his Wing,
'Tis he that triumph'd over thee in fight.

cxxxviii.

Dea. I slew both *Sampson*, *Saul*, and *David* strong,
With thousands more, that were as good as thee :
And I will quickly have thee all along,
And then among the dead thou'l be with me.

cxxxix.

St. Though thou dost kill the Wicked, yet the Saint
Recovers, and escapeth from thine hand :
I have no cause therefore at thee to faint,
Because I shall break from thy dismal band.

cxxx.

Dea. Thou simple man, hark now what I shall say,
Thou talk'st of having conquest over me,
When I thy very JESUS CHRIST did slay ;
Thus thou my strength mayst manifestly see.

cxxxI.

St. And didst thou hold Him when thou hadst him down ?
Or hast Him still ? speak truth, and do not lie :
Pray, who was he that rose out of the ground,
The third day after He for Sin did die ?

Acts ii. 24—27.

Luke xxiv. 34.

1 Cor. xv. 3—5.

cxxxII.

I know, O Death, thou may'st my body spoil,
And bring it down : yet I thee do not fear.—
For that shall last with thee no longer while,
Than till my JESUS in the Clouds appear.

Job xix. 25—27.

1 Thess. iv. 16.

cxxxIII.

And then he will with Trumpets royal voice
Raife up his Dead, and gather them on high ;
Then we shall live who have made HIM our choice,
When thou in fiery flames with Hell shalt lie.

1 Cor. xv. 52.

1 Cor. xv. 26.

Rev. xxii. 14.

OF THE DAY OF JUDGMENT, WITH { 1. THE GODLY.
2. THE WICKED.

ALSO THE OBJECTIONS OF THE WICKED ANSWERED.

[1. *Of the Godly.*]

cxxxIV.

ND now because this JESUS hath begun
E'en thus to save his People from their sin ;
He'l never leave their souls till HE hath done ;
Heav'n Gates stand ope, and he will have them in.

Phil. i. 6.

Rom. viii. 20—24

Heb. ix. 27, 28.

Mat. xxv. 31.
Jude 14, 15.
1 Cor. xv. 52.

Rev. vi. 15.
1 Thess. i. 8—10.
Rev. xix. 7.

Mat. xxv. 34.
Mat. xxiv. 41.
Luke xxiv. 25, 26.

Heb. iv. 3.
John xvii. 9.
2 Cor. xi. 1, 2.

John xiv. 1—3.
1 Thess. iv. 14—17.
Rev. vii. 15, 16.

cxxxv.

And therefore he will come in Glory great,
I' th' Clouds with Trumpets, and with Angels too,
To give his Saints their long expected meat,
And help them from their long perplexed woe.

cxxxvi.

And though his Coming will the World amaze,
When they shall see his Glory and his Fame ;
Yet shall his Saints with comfort on him gaze,
And wonderfully magnify his Name.

cxxxvii.

For, Come up hither, will he say to them,
You are the Souls for whom I bled and died ;
I bought you with my Blood, though sinful men,
My Angels shall you into Glory guide.*

cxxxviii.

You have believed in my Blood for Life,
You are the Souls for whom I pray'd to God,
Now you must be my wel-beloved Wife,
And ever freed from his revenging Rod.

cxxxix.

Come blessed Souls, I have prepared your place
In Glory, and among my Angels high.
I thought on this when they spat on my face,
And when to CALVARY I went to die.

* Beautifully displayed in the closing scene of the “ Pilgrim's Progress,” part first.

CXL.

I know you have deserved none of this,
But rather Death, if you should have your due ;
But I'le forgive you all that's done amiss,
Though I this kindness shew to but a few.

2 Tim. i. 9.
Acts iii. 19.
Mat. vii. 14.

CXLI.

My Father loved you, and that full dear,
Before he made the World, and so did I :
Which is the cause that you with peace be here,
And so must be to all Eternity.

Eph. i. 4—6.
Prov. viii. 31.
Luke xii. 32.
Acts xiii. 48.

CXLII.

It was my Love to give you Grace in time,
Not your Deserts, and that full well you know :
And also I did mark you to be mine
E'en when you lived in the world below.

Rom. xi. 7.
Rom. ix. 23.
Eph. i. 13, 14.
1 Pet. i. 2.

CXLIII.

Thus did I fit you then with Faith and Love,
When you among your enemies did live,
And did then reckon you my dearest Dove,
And now to you myself and Heav'n I give.

John iii. 16.
2 Tim. iv. 8.
1 Pet. ii. 9.

2. *Of the Wicked.*

CXLIV.

1 Cor. xv. 52.

John v. 28.

Dan. xii. 2.

Isa. xxvi. 21.

 RISE, ye Dead, my Trumpet sounds amain,
Forth of your Graves you that the Wicked be :
O Earth, I say, deliver up thy slain,
Both small and great, come and be judg'd by me.

CXLV.

Rev. xx. 11, 12.

Dan. vii. 9, 10.

Rom. ii. 14—16.

Behold the Books wherein your Names are set,
Shall open now, and in them I will see
How often you ran into Satan's Net,
And so stood off from coming unto me.

CXLVI.

Rom. x. 21.

Prov. i. 24, 25.

Mat. xxiii. 37.

Gen. vi. 3.

How oft did I you call with Gospel sweet ?
How oft did you your back upon me turn ?
How oft did you with strong convictions meet ?
Depart, in flaming fire you must burn.

CXLVII.

Heb. ii. 3.

Heb. xii. 25.

Mat. xxii. 13.

Psal. xxxi. 18.

You did abuse my Mercy and my Grace,
You also hated these my Lambs so dear :
Therefore you shall be banisht from my face,
'Tis Justice now and Judgment you must hear.

CXLVIII.

You loved Sin, you hated Godliness,
You spake against my Word and Ways so good ;
Now will I leave your souls in sad distress,
Repentance now shall do your souls no good.

Psal. cix. 17, 18.
Acts xiii. 45.
Luke xvi. 26.
Luke xiii. 28.

CXLIX.

There's nothing to be said or done but this :
Hark to your doom that you for Sin must bear,
I do for ever shut you out of bliss ;
With Devils, you, of Wrath must have your share.

Mat. xxii. 11—13.
Mark ix. 44—46.

CL.

Depart therefore ye Rebels from my face,
The Gates of Life I shut against you all :
My dreadful Wrath shall follow you apace ;
Into Eternal Fire now do you fall.

Mat. xxv. 41.
Isa. xxx. 33.
Isa. xiii. 9.
Rev. xx. 15.

Their Plea.

CLI.

 LORD ! but we are not in all the fault,
'Twas long of others that we were so vile :
Our daubing Preachers made us thus to halt,
They are to blame, for they our souls did spoil.

Ezek. xxxiii. 6.
Jer. vi. 14.
Jer. viii. 10, 11.
Mat. xv. 14.

CLII.

1 Cor. xv. 33.
Acts vii. 51.
Mat. xxiii. 31—33.

Besides, O Lord, our Company was bad,
We dwelt with them that would have none of thee :
They tempted us to live a life so sad,
Which did so blind our eyes we could not see.

CLIII.

Rom. i. 21, 22.
Eph. iv. 18, 19.
Acts xxviii. 27.

With these the World, and also naughty Sin,
Did fill our hearts so full of Wickedness :
O Lord forgive us, and to Mercy bring
These souls of ours, and save us from distress.

The Answer.

CLIV.

Luke xiii. 27.
Mat. vii. 22, 23.
Luke xiii. 28.

 HIS will not serve your turn, for Mercy's past,
The day of Grace is over long ago :
Be silent then, by Judgment you are cast,
There's nothing left but fearful Wrath for you.

CLV.

Ecclef. ix. 10.
Ecclef. xi. 3.
Isa. ix. 14.

Your sobs, your tears, and lamentable cry,
Should have been sooner, if you would have sped ;
But as the Tree doth fall, so it must lie,
Your Portion now must be amongst the Dead.

CLVI.

You tell me that your Guides led you amiss.
Whose fault was that? not mine, but yours I trow.
You did not with your heart my Mercy kiss,
And therefore to Hell fire I will you throw.

Jer. v. 31.
2 Tim. iv. 3, 4.
Psal. ii. 12.
Job xxii. 14, 15.

CLVII.

Did you with fighing heart ask me the way
To Life? Or, did you truly hate your sin?
Did you not of Repentance make delay?
Thus 'tis; therefore Hell gapes, and you must in.

Ezek. ix. 4.
Jer. x. 25.
Psal. lxxix. 6.
Luke xiv. 18—20.

CLVIII.

You say your Company did lead you wrong:
Well, but I ask, who bid thee with them go?
If Wickednes then with thee was so strong,
'Tis fit thou now be sharer in their woe.

2 Cor. vi. 17.
Prov. v. 22.
Rev. xxi. 8.

CLIX.

You say the World and Sin so fill'd your heart,
That you for them no way to Heav'n did know:
'Tis true, and therefore go and take your part
With them, for I no Mercy will you show.

Mat. xviii. 3.
2 Pet. ii. 12.
2 Pet. iii. 7.

CLX.

Come, blessed Souls, for whom I bled and died,
Inherit you your Lords eternal blis:
Be gone, ye wicked, from you I will hide
My face. Your Portion therefore shall be this.

Mat. xxv. 21—23.
Rev. iii. 21.

Rev. xiv. 9—11.

Mat. xxv. 46.

CLXI.

In Fire, in Darkness, and in Wrath you must
Abide, while I and mine enjoy the Light :
You get no ease, though you with pain do burst,
You should have clos'd with Mercy while you might.

A DISCOURSE BETWEEN A SAINT IN HEAVEN,
AND A SINNER IN HELL : ALLUDING
TO THE 16TH OF LUKE.

CLXII.

St.  Y Lord hath brought me into Glory sweet,
And saved me from my deserved Woe,
Though he for this hung by the hands and
feet,
For this I'le bles his Name, and thank him too.

CLXIII.

Sin. My case is sad, I am depriv'd of life,
Heav'n I have miss'd, and lost my soul so dear :
My sins prick at my heart now like a knife,
I now enjoy nothing but pain and fear.

CLXIV.

St. What is the cause of this your sad Complaint,
Man ? for I hear you make most doleful moan ;
In Hell I know there's cause enough to faint,
Yet further tell me wherefore thus you groan ?

CLXV.

Sin. Alas, I groan to think of life that's past,
Of that also which now I do possess ;
My foolishnes it hath me hither cast,
And brought my soul into this sore distres.

CLXVI.

St. I lived in the World as well as you,
And served Sin, until I heard the Word :
But when I saw by that, for Sin my Woe,
I sought to Christ me mercy to afford.

Col. i. 4—6.

Tit. iii. 3, 4.

CLXVII.

Sin. Alas, I heard of Christ and Mercy much,
The Preacher told me Sin would me undo ;
Yet I did slight this Mercy, though 'twas such,
As would have sav'd my Soul and Body too.

Rom. x. 16—20.

CLXVIII.

St. When I did hear of Grace it broke my heart,
And won me over to abhor my Sin ;
It also rid me of my guilt and smart,
It said Heav'n Gates stood ope, and I must in.

1Sa. lxvi. 2.

John xiv. 26, 27.

CLXIX.

Sin. I Wretch did see my state sometime so sad,
That I for grief could scarce rest in my Bed :
But yet my Lusts such prevalency had,
That now my portion is amongst the dead.

2 Pet. ii. 20, 21.

Cant. ii. 5.
1 Cor. ii. 2.
Phil. iii. 7, 8.

Heb. vi. 4—6.
Mat. xix. 16—22.

Heb. xi. 14—16.
Psal. xvii. 14, 15.

2 Tim. ii. 26.
Prov. vii. 22.
Jer. ii. 10—13.

Rom. viii. 33—39.
Heb. iii. 7, 8.

CLXXX.

St. O sweet ! me thought the world to come did so
Affect my Soul, and make it long to be
With JESUS, that I nothing else would know,
But how I might his precious Beauty see.

CLXXI.

Sin. I did feel sweetnes sometime this way too,
Methought that Heaven was worth the seeking for.
But this, alas ! doth aggravate my Woe ;
Though I this knew, I did not Sin abhor.

CLXXII.

St. Sometimes my Sin, the World, and Satan they,
Would tempt me to let go my hold of Grace :
But these my Soul to CHRIST still more did fray ;*
The more they tempt, the more I fought his face.

CLXXIII.

Sin. It was not thus with me God wot ;† for when
They tempted me, I yeelded presently,
And left off seeking God, to follow them ;
For following which, the second Death I die.

CLXXIV.

St. O dear ! me thought Salvation was so rare
That neither frowns nor smiles of these could stay
My Soul ; it could no longer now forbear,
But leave the World for Christ, while 'twas to day.

* “ Fray,” fright, terrify—a feeling of danger if he left the Saviour’s
sanctuary.—See *Imperial Dictionary*.

† “ God wot,” God knoweth.

CLXXV.

Sin. Sometime my Conscience, when in ficknes I
Did lie, would much afflict me for my Sin.
But yet when health came, I forgot to die,*
I fought the World, instead of Christ, to win.

Hof. vii. 14.

Luke xiv. 18—20.

CLXXVI.

St. When I did see the Saints thrive more than me,
Then I was smitten for my sluggishness :
I would not leave the Lord till I did see
His Grace to flourish in me more or less.

Heb. vi. 12.

Heb. x. 24.

Heb. vi. 11.

CLXXVII.

Sin. 'Twas quite contrary with me, Wretch I am,
I did not learn of them that thus did grow,
But rather learned of the lukewarm man,
To flagar† till I did myself undo.

1 Cor. xv. 33.

Mat. xv. 14.

CLXXVIII.

St. I speak not of these Vertues, as if they
Did flow from nature, 'twas Christ did me keep ;
And by his Grace he did my Soul thus stay,
I bleſſ his Name therefore, for Mercy sweet.

Tit. iii. 5.

2 Tim. i. 9.

John xv. 16.

CLXXIX.

Sin. Neither do I at all the Lord accuse,
As if the fault was his that I am here :
The fault was mine, his Grace I did refuse,
I loved Sin, His Name I did not fear.

Rev. xxii. 12.

Rev. iii. 19.

Iſa. v. 4.

* "To die," to die to sin.—1 Cor. xv. 31, Rom. vii. 9.

† "To flagar," to slacken, go flower on account of the way being
miry and slippery.—HALLIWELL.

CLXXX.

Rev. v. 9, 10.
Rev. xiv. 3.
Isa. xxvi. 19.

St. My work then is above to sing his Praise,
Among his Angels to exalt his Name :
Because from Sin and Death he did me raise,
By Grace ; and put upon me heav'nly Fame.

CLXXXI.

Isa. xxviii. 19.
Isa. lxv. 14.

Sin. Oh heavy heart ! the more I think of life,
And how I lost it, doth encrease my Woe :
Time was when I enjoy'd convincing Light ;
But I did slight it, and my soul undo.

CLXXXII.

Luke xvi. 27, 28.
Prov. v. 11—13.

Let them that yet have life and time to see,
By Gospel light their Sin, and need of Grace :
Take Warning by these heavy sobs of me,
And seek by Christ to shun this dolefull place.

CLXXXIII.

Heb. xii. 25.
Mark ix. 45, 46.
Luke xiii. 28.

For Man to lose Eternal Life for Sin ;
For Man to slight the Grace of God so good :
Will make him sigh and sob, if he comes in,
Where we do roar for slighting Christ his Blood.

CLXXXIV.

Luke x. 12—14.
Mat. xi. 21—24.

Oh sad ! that I had clos'd with Christ ; or would
I had not heard of HIM at all, then I
Had either saved been, or else I should
Have had less torment to Eternity.

THE CONCLUSION.

CLXXXV.

WHO e'er thou art that read'ſt this little Book,
Slight it not for its method, ſo as to
Reject it; but into it [I] pray thee look,
It may meet with thine heart before thou go.

CLXXXVI.

And if it do, the Mercy will be thine;
Lift up thine heart to God (man,) for his Grace:
The failings only I will own as mine;
The rest is God's: unto HIM lift thy Face.

THE END.

